

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

VOLUME XII.

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## Agricultural.

## HIGH BRED SHORTHORNS.

The Avery & Murphy Herd—Description of some of the Fine Stock to be Offered at their Coming Sale.

We desire to call the attention of the Shorthorn breeders of Michigan to the great sale at Port Huron on the 18th and 19th of May. The offerings will consist of the entire herds of Avery & Murphy and J. P. Sanborn, which are all to be sold without reserve; and a draft of twenty head from the herd of Thos. Birkett of Base Lake, Washtenaw County, in all about 140. This will be the largest sale in numbers that has ever been held in Michigan, and among the large sales of the country.

But the great attraction for Shorthorn men will be the number of high-bred families and the magnificent character and quality of the individual members. A recent visit and inspection of these herds impressed us with their wonderful quality, and with a desire to inform the breeders of this state that a great opportunity is before them. We will notice some of the families here represented, and also some of the more attractive individual animals. We found the herd of Avery & Murphy in fine condition for breeding, and what is a good recommendation to any herd the cows are all breeders. The young stock are thrifty and growing and are healthy, they show the judicious management of Mr. A. L. Stebbins the manager, and the care and attention of Mr. Alex. Mann, the herdsman.

The beginning of the present herd of A. & M. was the purchase in 1875 of the entire herd of Col. L. G. Morris, the largest private sale ever made in America. That herd contained such blood as Oxford, Wild Eyes, Blooms, Butterfly Princess and other choice families; to these were added some of the best cows imported and home-bred, to be had, without regard to price; and by breeding these to 23d Duke of Airdrie and Marquis of Oxford until the present time, when it is probable that no herd in the country contains more high-bred animals. There are some Blooms descended from imported Bloom, by Sir Leonard (10827), with five and six top crosses of pure Duke bulls, and among them such noted bulls as Duke of Gloster (11382), 4th Duke of Geneva, 2d Duke of Oneida, etc. These Blooms are a thrifty family, easy keeping, hardy, compact, and consequently of the best quality, and such cattle will fat at a straw stack. Old Peri 2nd is the maternal ancestor of the Peri in this herd, the younger members being appropriately named Peri Duchess. They come directly from Peri, imported by Samuel Thorne, bred by S. E. Bolden, and sired by Grand Duke (10284); they have five to seven crosses of pure Duke bulls, and by reducing to figures it will be noticed that some of the younger members have a proportion of 127-128ths of Duke blood in their veins. Some of this family have brought good prices. Peri 2nd of Lyndale, from Peri 2nd, was sold when a yearling for \$2,500, and last year Peri Duchess was sold to the Agricultural College for \$1,000, and was considered a bargain. The Craggs family are also present, and trace from Craggs, bought of and bred by Thos. Bates, and for eight generations through Duke and Bates bulls. This is as well known, is one of the choice families founded by Mr. Bates. The Rosabellas, from imported Rosabella by Bridgemoor, through such sires as imported Duke of Airdrie (12730) Imperial Oxford (24185) 4th Lord Oxford 5908 etc., in Rosa Bonheur 8th and her two daughters by 23d Duke, are also here.

The Princess family have many admirers; they are one of the oldest families in existence, are high-bred, those here tracing through twenty generations by well-bred sires to a cow bred by a noted breeder of the time, Mr. Stephenson, of Ketton, in 1730. They are quite largely represented in this herd. There are some Lady Marys among them which have heretofore brought good prices; they have many fine

points, are large milkers; those who admire this family will find here some of the best.

Three Royal Duchess cows and heifers, fine red color, fine form and high quality, with some choice Booth blood in their ancestry. A noticeable cow in the herd is Medora 6th, a "Gwynne" 17 years, old and as robust and plump as a two year old. She has a young red bull by Marquis of Oxford, one of the most growthy and stylish bulls in the lot. Fair Butterfly Princess 2nd, bred by Col. Morris, and her daughter F. B. P. 3d, are well bred and rank among the good ones.

35th Duchess of Goodness, by 14th Duke of Thorne, one of the best of all the Duke sires and the highest priced \$17,000, and descended from imported Goodness by Orontes (4633) with her three daughters by 23d Duke, will bear looking at. She has fine form, large size, and that grand carriage indicative of high breeding etc., which is particularly noticeable in all the get of 14th Duke, that we have seen.

In a herd so large where nearly all are red with few fawns, a white animal is noticeable, if only for the color. Princess Maud 2d, imported in her dam, by Royal Lancaster (29870), a Place—pure Bates, is the only pure white in the herd, but must not be omitted from our list of good ones. In substance, compactness and quality she is not easily excelled; she has a young bull, a roan, that inherits the wonderful quality of his dam.

Another imported cow is Georgia Hillhurst, still young, bred by Col. Kingscott of Gloucestershire, Eng. She is a Georgian tracing to Earl of Stanhope (5996). Imported Kirklevington Lady 4th, is a noble cow; she has bred mostly bulls, but they are fine ones; she has now one year old by 23d Duke that will suit the most fastidious in size, color, form and breeding. Kirklevington Princess 2d and her descendants numbering six, two of which have been sold. The Kirklevingtons are held in high esteem in England, and they have been both to part with them. If these cows are specimens of the family their appreciation is just. Kirklevington Princess 2nd is a very heavy cow, but so fine in all her points that an ordinary observer would not place her above medium size until attention was called to her remarkable breadth and depth; she is a grand cow, and her daughters by 23d Duke are a credit to any herd. If these are allowed to leave the state, we shall be disappointed in the judgment of our breeders, or in our own.

There are four Rose of Sharon females of the true Abe Renick pattern, they are of the "Poppy" branch of the family as bred by John Renick. A short history of the origin and breeding of Renick's Rose of Sharon may be interesting to those who have not looked up the history of this noted family.

Imported Rose of Sharon, by Belvidere (1706), was bred by Thos. Bates of Kirklevington, and purchased of him and imported by Mr. Felix Renick as agent of the Ohio Importing Co. in 1834. Mr. Bates bred her dam and grand dam; her 3d dam he purchased of her breeder, Mr. Hustler, at his public sale. She was from a cow called "The American Cow" which had been imported to this country and returned to England by her importer about the beginning of the present century. Mr. Bates and Charles and Robert Colling bred the ancestry, both male and female, for many generations, and we have evidence of their high estimate of this stock. Mr. Bates used Hubback 2d, a calf of Red Rose 1st, to produce some of his best Duchesses, and doubled this bull upon some of them.

Rose of Sharon died the property of the Ohio Company, in 1836. She left one cow calf, "Lady of the Lake" by Reform (2305). At their public sale in October 1836, she passed into the hands of Mr. Geo. Renick. Among others she bred "Thames" by Shakespeare (12062) which with her calf Red Rose by Imported Prince Charles 2nd 1097 (32113) was sold to Mr. Abram Renick, of Kentucky. From Red Rose Mr. Renick's Poppy family sprang, and they have since been bred to Duke and pure Rose of Sharon bulls.

Some have been exported at large prices, and true Rose of Sharon are eagerly sought after in this country. We believe that Rose of Sharon of Durham Lawn cost Messrs. A. & M. \$4,000. She was the dam of Michigan Rose of Sharon, a splendid roan heifer now in calf to Marquis of Oxford. Another heifer, a pure red, from Poppy's 3d Julia is Michigan Rose of Sharon 2d, a perfect Shorthorn. We fear our breeders will have to bid well up to keep this family from going back to Kentucky.

Wild Eyes of Vinewood, a red cow five years old, bred by B. B. Groom, is one of the best cows in the herd. She is by 4th Duke of Geneva 7931. Dam, imported Roguish Eyes; she is a magnificent cow, has style, form and quality, descended from Wild Eyes, by Emperor (1975) through the best of sires. Wild Eyes of Vinewood 2d by 23d Duke is also very attractive and a credit to both sire and dam.

We come next to the Royal family, and 10th Duchess of Airdrie, bred by A. J. Alexander, has the distinction of having more high priced produce than any cow in the world. Airdrie Duchess 2nd is a daughter of this noted cow and from 14th

Duke of Thorne. She was purchased of Mr. M. H. Cochrane, of Canada, at public sale by Mr. Albert Crane for \$31,000 in gold, and subsequently passed into the hands of Messrs. Avery & Murphy. Aside from her choice breeding she is a remarkable cow, and no judge of Short-horns can look at this cow and her produce without being impressed with their beautiful symmetry, style and quality; and what has not been true of all the Duchesses in this country, this Airdrie Duchess family have been great breeders. There are now four females in the herd, all roan, and are a feast to behold, 2nd, 5th, 10th and 11th Airdrie Duchess. Two heifers from 2nd Airdrie Duchess have been sold, one in England for \$14,000, and the other to Mr. Ramsey, of Buffalo, last year, for \$10,000, and there are two left for this sale, 10th and 11th. Airdrie Duchess 10th is the gem of the herd, in all points she is unexcelled and as a perfect representation of the improved Shorthorn too much praise cannot be awarded her. The Young Duke bull, 3d Grand Duke of Airdrie, also from 2nd Airdrie Duchess, is a noble bull, he is low, massive, his weight at 26 months is 1,850 lbs., without coarseness; he has quarters like a mature animal, a fine loin and springing rib, with a shoulder seldom equaled, great depth of body, and his quality is superior, there can be no risk in using this bull on any herd, while it is seldom that a pure Duke is offered at either public or private sale. After looking thus far we are ready to admit the superiority of 23 Duke of Airdrie 19393 as a sire. This bull has stood at the head of the herd since its beginning; he is now ten years old, but holds his form as perfect as ever, vigorous and active, he will be useful for years to come; he is of the famous Alexander's Duke of Airdrie tribe, and as an individual is too well known to need a minute description here, the heifers of his get inherit his good qualities, are nearly all reds with a remarkable uniformity in style and quality. The bulls of his get that have been used have proved good; we have seen calves from several, and they showed the old Duke unmistakably. Marquis of Oxford (39361) was purchased of B. B. Groom for use on the 23d Duke heifers, and has calves enough, to prove his value as a sire, their fine heads, which are noticeable in all, are sufficient proof of this; he is still young, has not seen much service and is worth looking after.

In Mr. Sanborn's herd, which is kept on his farm a short distance from town, are about 40 head. It has been made up by the purchase of choice cows from some of the best families, and breeding them to 23d Duke of Airdrie so that here as in the A. & M. herd the majority are young and of the most profitable age to buy, his most numerous and perhaps his best family are the Victoria Duchesses, they trace through twenty generations to Lady Maynard owned by Chas. Colling, and the grand dam of the noted bulls Favorite (232) and Comet (155). They have top crosses of such bulls as Duke of Airdrie (12730), 2d Grand Duke (14840), Imperial Oxford (24185), 4th Duke of Geneva 7931, etc. They are a high bred, strong, hardy family, and what is worth something to Michigan breeders, are good milkers; there are several fine heifers of this family by 23d Duke, and in calf by Marquis of Oxford that will excite spirited bidding. A number of straight well bred Craggs in the Duchess of the Valley family, they come from imported Darling, by Grand Duke (10284), with 2d Grand Duke (12961), and 4th Duke of Geneva 7931 in their pedigree. Imported Oxford Queen is also here, and she is a fine red cow by 17th Duke of Oxford (25994), she is a descendant of Miss O'Neill, bred by Mr. Jobling, by Minor (441), and from Colling's best blood. She is dam and g. dam of two heifers by 23d Duke and Marquis of Oxford. Belle of Atha 3d, a nice two year old tracing to Golden Pippin, by North Star (459). A few June's of another line of breeding are choice, they are of the well-known June family, a branch of the Princess tribe.

The Mazurka family have become noted, and representatives are found in the herds of many good breeders; they have much Duke blood in them; they have stood well in the show ring and at public sales, and are a good family to breed from. Mr. Sanborn has several of these in his Michigan. He has a number of choice young bulls one and two years old that are so well bred that they will make their mark when sold; those in need of bulls for thoroughbred herds can find a good selection at this sale.

As will be noticed from the description given, a majority of both these herds are young and the get of 23d Duke of Airdrie, are mostly reds, and have been so bred that their produce will be likely to be that color; they are all breeders; there are no fat non-breeders among them. Many young heifers are in calf by Marquis of Oxford, and there are other desirable items which buyers will note.

We regret the necessity that compels the dispersion of these fine herds, they have been and would continue to be a source of pride to those interested in the Short-horns of Michigan, containing, as they do, some of the best blood and best animals in the nose the disease correctly. But in cases of

country; but the stock must be sold to close the estate of the late Mr. Avery, and Mr. Sanborn has too much other business on hand to give his cattle the attention he desires, and therefore the entire number of both these herds will be offered for sale. Breeders of ordinary means need not fear from the prices we have quoted that there will be none within their reach; undoubtedly many well bred animals will go at prices within reach of all.

The sale will be held at the farm of Avery & Murphy, which is on the banks of the river St. Clair, a short distance from the centre of the city. Col. J. W. Judy, who has become popular in the west on such occasions, will preside. From the character of the proprietors and the salesmen, the public may rest assured that everything will be conducted in a prompt and business-like manner.

Port Huron is easily reached from the North and West part of the State by the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway, and from the South and other states through Detroit by the Grand Trunk Railway, or by steamers on the river. Facilities will be afforded visitors to reach the sale from the hotels and stations in the city. We hope to see a goodly number from other states and a crowd of breeders from this State, all of whom will be pleased to look over those herds before they are scattered, whether they wish to buy or not. Let all come.

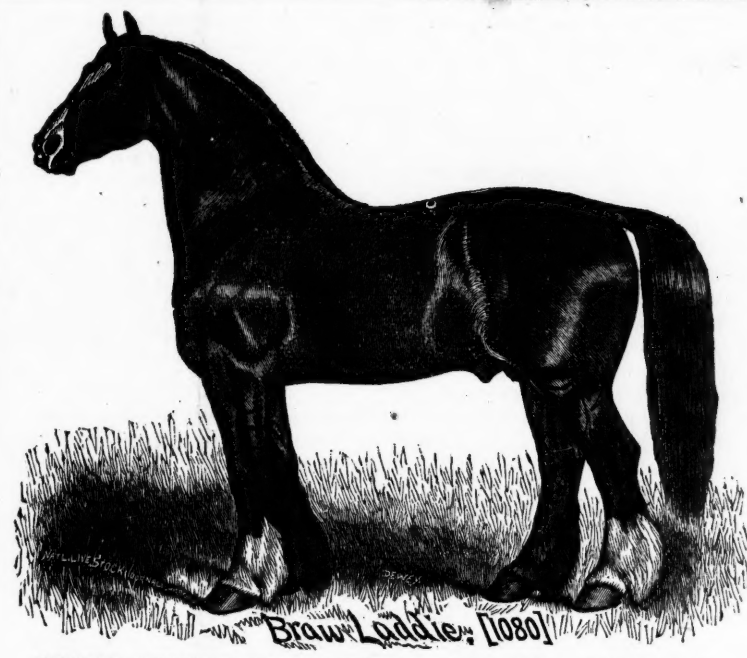
Stock Notes.

The first annual Sheep Shearing Festival of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association will be held at Romeo on Wednesday, May 11. The officers of the Association are as follows: Pres., Geo. W. Phillips; Sec., P. M. Bentley; Treasurer, John McKay. Board of Directors, Frank Bentley, Hiram Taylor, A. D. Taylor, John C. Thompson, W. W. Andrews, E. G. Perkins, W. S. Hart, J. W. Thorington. The Society is to be known as the American Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association of Macomb County.

We have received an invitation to attend the annual sheep shearing of the Franklin Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, to be held on Friday, April 29th. "A Subscriber," writing to us in regard to the shearing says: "We expect three of the heaviest shearing ewes in Michigan will be on exhibition. We have here five sheep that last year sheared one hundred and twenty-one lbs." The Secretary of the Association is Mr. L. Mills of Tecumseh.

Mr. C. M. FELLOWS, of Manchester writes us that there will be a sheep shearing festival at that place on Thursday, April 21st, at which competition will be open to the State, and prizes awarded for the best sheep and best shearer.

Mr. A. S. DRAKE, of the firm of Belknap & Drake, the well-known packers of this city, has for some time been interested in stock raising on an extensive scale in Kansas, and realizing the benefit to be derived from improving the class of cattle generally produced on the Western prairie, has been engaged during the past winter in purchasing a lot of thoroughbred bulls for future use on his Kansas ranch. At the same time he has purchased 270 yearling stockers, which show a good strain of blood, and will try the experiment of shipping them to his ranch, where they will be fed until fit for market and then returned to the East. The question to be settled is whether these young cattle can be transported to that point and developed into choice animals, and then transported to the eastern markets at a profit. The bulls purchased consist of 18 thoroughbred Short-horns, 25 high grades, 3 thoroughbred Herefords, and 5 grades. The thoroughbred Short-horns were purchased from the following breeders: G. W. & H. T. Phelps, Dexter, 2; David Whitfield, Pontiac, 1; John Lessiter, Jersey, 2; David Stottle, Springfield, 1; E. Dennis, Jersey, 1; W. E. Boyden, Delhi Mills, 4; Edward Pacey, Dexter, 1; John Pacey, Dexter, 1; E. J. & E. W. Hardy, Osceola Centre, 2;



IMPORTED GLYDESDALE STALLION OWNED BY POWELL BROS., SPRINGBORO, PA.

Chas. Fishbeck, Brighton, 2; F. Hyne, Brighton, 1. The three thoroughbred Herefords were from the herd of W. W. Crapo, of Flint. David Clark, of Lapeer, furnished 3 grades; Edward Phelps, of Pontiac, 1, and W. W. Crapo, 1.

Mr. SAMUEL A. BROWNE, Golden Stock Farm, Pentwater, Mich., sends us a very handsome catalogue of his trotting stock, of which he has some fine specimens. At the head of his breeding stock is Grand Sentinel, full brother to the famous Vol-unteer, and sire of a number of very fast ones, with records reading down to 2:32 at five years old. Then comes Indicator, of the Goldust family, lasting and fast, as has been shown by numerous members of the family. The brood mares comprise Lady Turpin, with a record of 2:18, sired by Bell Morgan, out of Noneseuch by Brignolia; Shadow, by Dr. Greenfield's Mambrino; out of Swallow, by Joe Hooker, by Mambrino Chief; record, 2:27 at five years old. Amethyst, by Mambrino Gift, dam Hoop-stone Girl by Truxton; trotted half mile in 1:38 at two years old. Dazzle Goldust, by Goldust, out of Clara Messenger by Highland Messenger, tracing directly to imported Messenger. Serenade by American Clay, out of Bashaw Belle, by Green's Bashaw. Then there are Scotia, dam of two colts that can beat 2:30, and a four-year-old that trots in 2:40; Jennie, by Nighthawk; Spinella by Napoleon, out of Scotia by Volunteer; Belle Druy by Selim, out of a mare by Scott's Hiatoga; Sonora by Grand Sentinel, out of Lucy by Nighthawk; Selene by Grand Sentinel, dam Shadow by Greenfield's Mambrino; Severn, Saraph, Salvia, and Springmorn, all by Grand Sentinel. This is a remarkably fine lot of breeding stock, and in the hands of an accomplished horseman like Mr. Browne, will certainly be heard from.

THE IMPORTS OF BARLEY.

It is hardly possible that our farmers are really aware of the extent to which we are dependent upon Canada for a supply of barley to meet the wants of the country. We are so taken up with congratulating ourselves upon the immensity of our export of agricultural products that the fact that we have each year to import very large amounts of this grain is generally overlooked. Our domestic crop of barley, now amounts to about 40,000,000 bushels per annum, valued at about \$35,000,000. About a third of it is produced in California, and a sixth in New York State, the balance being distributed among a dozen other states, including Michigan. The largest crop of barley ever produced in this country was in 1873, but there has generally been a steady increase in the acreage sown, and in the amount of grain produced. The quantity of barley imported, however, has not been diminished by the increase in domestic production. During the year 1880 the total imports of barley into the United States were 8,548,950 bushels, valued at \$5,643,762; and there were also imported during the same period 998,880 bushels of barley malt, valued at \$803,310. These imports occurred in the face of a duty of 15 cents per bushel on barley, and of 20 per cent ad valorem on malt.

The bulk of the foreign barley comes from Canada, more than one-half of it being imported at the port of Oswego, N. Y. The following table shows the total number of bushels of barley and barley malt imported from Canada into the United States for each of the years specified. The imports of malt are for the fiscal years ending June 30, while those of barley are for the crop years:

Barley Malt.

1880.....7,459,660.....1,023,411  
1879.....7,096,505.....817,915  
1878.....5,385,732.....651,965  
1877.....6,730,430.....814,139  
1876.....6,674,388.....820,094  
1875.....10,293,541.....137,584  
1874.....5,539,939.....124,891  
1873.....3,681,951.....570,669  
1872.....4,210,382.....260,139  
1871.....5,490,946.....

Barley has always proved a profitable crop where the location is suitable for its growth. According to official returns its average yield per acre is valued at \$16.97, against \$12.00 for corn, \$8.87 for rye, and \$13.00 wheat. The southern part of

Michigan has not generally been found a good section for its growth, but very fair samples have been raised in Washtenaw, Macomb, Oakland, Lapeer, and some other of the middle tier of counties. Barley requires an even temperature, and is affected injuriously by damp, warm weather, or sudden changes from dampness to sunshiny weather, which causes it to scald. Wet weather during harvest is apt to discolor it and greatly depreciate its value to malsters. The upper counties of the Lower Peninsula, such as Osceola, Cheboygan and others, should grow sufficient barley to meet our home requirements, as their soil and climate appear well adapted to its growth. The section of the Upper Peninsula lying between the Straits of Mackinac and the Sault Ste. Marie contains good barley lands, and at the last State Fair some samples from the settlements there were very fine, bright in color and of good weight. There is therefore one direction in which the farmers of the State can extend their operations with but little fear of competition for the present.

THE CROPS.

What is Now Thought of the Outlook.

KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

Cooper.—The wheat in this section is at last sufficiently uncovered to admit of a somewhat definite opinion as to its condition, though there are places along the fences and in the ravines that have not seen daylight since the middle of November. In such places the wheat must be somewhat the worse for its long internment, while in the most exposed situations it is more or less winter-killed. Still, taking it all in all, there seems to be no reason why we may not anticipate an average crop, except on late sowing.—L. H. STODDARD.

HURON COUNTY.

Pinnebog.—Seeing reports of other counties, I thought I would send in a report of Huron. The wheat crop is very good, especially that sowed on sandy loam, being superior to any raised on high lands for several years. I think Huron county surpasses them all in raising wheat on low sandy land. The frost held on so long this year that the wheat did not leave out of the ground as in former years.—ALBERT SCHLEGELMICH.

BRANCH COUNTY.

Quincy.—The wheat about here is thin and small, but mostly alive. Peach buds all killed. Pums mostly alive. Raspberries killed down to the ground. Blackberries killed down. Some snow yet in the fields.—BATES FISHER.

SAGINAW COUNTY.

East Saginaw.—I have been through large portions of Saginaw, Tuscola and Huron counties on railroad business, and of course have kept my eyes open. Wheat looks very bad. It was so dry during the fall that it did not get a good growth, and the weather the past two weeks has been very unfavorable and wants rain very badly. Many new settlers are coming in, and those already here are making improvements. East Saginaw will build a railroad to Huron county this summer, and then real estate will boom. Plenty of money and work will make good times.—X.

BEACONSFIELD.

At Messrs. Avery & Murphy's large and attractive sale of Durham cattle at Port Huron on the 18th and 19th of May there will be included the "famous and beautiful" first prize bull Beaconsfield, bred by and belonging to Mr. R. Hawley, of Detroit. As a stock getter he impresses his fine and perfect points upon all his progeny in a remarkable manner. This is not surprising when we consider his pedigree. Beaconsfield 87639, vol 20 A. H. B., was got by the 3d Earl of Goodness [3124], bred by Messrs. Snell & Sons, Edmonton, Canada, from their imported British Baron (18557) [1025], bred by Col. Townly, Burnley, Lancashire, England. At the Guelph Central Fair, 1872, the British Baron won the first prize in his class, the sweepstakes, the silver cup, and stood at the head of the prize herd. In the fall of 1873 at the Guelph show these same honors were again awarded him. At the Provincial Fair at London he took the first prize as a yearling, the sweepstakes and stood at the head of the first prize herd—these are the highest honors that have ever been conferred on any bull in Canada. British Baron was got by Baron Oxford (23375) a most celebrated bull, which was sold at the sale at Havering Park, in May 1863, for 500 guineas, and his dam Lady Oxford the 5th, a royal winner, made 600 guineas. British Baron's full sister, Baron's Oxford's Beauty, won first prize at the Royal Show at Manchester in 1869 as a yearling, and was sold to Messrs. Wolcott & Campbell, of New York Mills, for \$2,750. Beaconsfield also traces back in a straight line to the celebrated bull Master Butterfly, which was sold to go to Australia for 1,500 guineas. As a prize taker Beaconsfield has signally distinguished himself. Beginning with the spring of 1879, when scarcely a year old, at the South Riding Show of Huron Co., Ont., he not only won the first prize, but received the honor of a diploma by reason of a special vote of the directors of the society. In the autumn of the same year, as a two-year-old, he won the first prize at the London Show against bulls from the best herds in Canada, including Bow Park, having beaten the bull from the latter place that took first prize at the Provincial Show at Ottawa a few weeks previous. It will be remembered that Beaconsfield took the first prize in his

class at the Michigan State Fair last autumn.

OPINIONS OF SHORTHORN AUTHORITIES.

"Beaconsfield is a better bull than his grand-sire the British Baron."—Col. John B. Taylor.

"He has a wonderful display of milk points."—W. F. Clarke, Agricultural Editor London Advertiser.

"He is a good representative of any family."—George M. Bedford, Paris, Ky.

"He is an elegant and grand bull."—Hon. David Christie, Ex-President American Shorthorn Association.

"He is a very massive animal, with rather small bones and very just proportions."—R. F. Johnston.

"I think he is the finest bull I have ever seen."—Wm. Smith.

"I















## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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APRIL 19, 1881.

## CONTRACT.

price a few years ago. When the article was derived from the tropics it commanded as high a price as it does now. Since the tropics began to export the article, the price has fallen within a few years from 12 to 15 cents. The article is now derived from the tropics, and the price has fallen within a few years from 12 to 15 cents. The article is now derived from the tropics, and the price has fallen within a few years from 12 to 15 cents.

three growths of Puget Sound, the wonders of the American forest. The average 200 feet in height, the trees have been cut down, and the stumps are still standing. The trees are now being cut down, and the stumps are still standing. The trees are now being cut down, and the stumps are still standing.

Lines Out Spring. The guileless spring, gentle Annie, just over the back yard fence. It is a guileless spring, gentle Annie, just over the back yard fence. It is a guileless spring, gentle Annie, just over the back yard fence.

Produced during the year 1880, the grapes of wine, of which 100,000 gallons were sweet wine. The grapes of wine, of which 100,000 gallons were sweet wine. The grapes of wine, of which 100,000 gallons were sweet wine.

Once more hail! Soda water now with vanilla for one and sour cream for another, and still there is a householder taking down the cat and catfish cold in union with the entire family the next day.

People who forget they have money. One would hardly believe that there were many people who forget they have money. One would hardly believe that there were many people who forget they have money.

stantly discharged. Our government is like other countries, dishonest in matters of this kind, and is always willing to keep that which belongs to others if it is not called for. Should one of its clerks be honest enough to give out a hint he is discharged on the ground that it is not probable he would be engaged in volunteering information unless he received a certain percentage for his services; and this he has no right to do. The government takes the ground that the person to whom the interest is due should not be required to pay for the information; at the same time the same government will not itself volunteer the information.

A SHIP'S LOG.—The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water. With about two-thirds of it under the water, the log-line is a small cord, one end of which, divided into three so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scalepan from a balance beam, is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel in the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand-glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray-line.—[English Magazine.]

THE YAK.—To the Kirghis the yak is as invaluable as the reindeer to the Laplander or, in another way, as the camel to the Arab. Its milk is richer than that of the cow, and the hair is woven into clothes and other fabrics. Where a man can walk a yak can be ridden. It is remarkably sure footed; like the elephant, it has a wonderful sagacity in knowing what will bear its weight and in avoiding hidden depths and chasms; and when a pass or gorge becomes blocked by snow (provided it be not frozen) a score of yaks driven in front will make a highway. This strange creature frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits. It needs no tending, and finds its food at all seasons. If the snow on the heights lies too deep for him to find the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again, displacing the snow as he ascends. When arrived at the top he performs a second somersault down the slope, and displaces a second groove of snow as he eats his way up the slope again. The yak cannot bear a temperature above freezing; and in the summer it leaves the haunts of men and ascends way up the mountains to the "old ice," above the limit of perpetual snow, its calf being retained as a pledge for the mother's return, in which she never fails.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: "Let any one who has an attack of worm take a small quantity of turpentine, work it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is, and relief will follow in less than a minute. Nothing better could be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for group. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest; and in every case where four drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly."

THE eccentric Grand Duke Constantine, the late Czar's eldest brother, while residing at Warsaw gave a splendid banquet to a number of the great Polish nobles, to each of whom, at the conclusion of the feast, an ordinary tallow candle was served on a plate. The Grand Duke, who had given orders that an imitation candle, admirably executed in wax, should be placed on his plate, then rose and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, let us eat, to the honor of Russia, the favorite national comestible of my country. Look at me. This is the way to do it." So saying, he threw back his head, opened his mouth wide, and inserted the candle. As he closed his teeth, however, the expression of his countenance suffered an extraordinary change. One of the noblemen sitting in his immediate vicinity had contrived to substitute his own genuine tallow candle for the waxen imitation set before the Grand Duke, who, not choosing to betray himself to his guests, found himself condemned to chew at least one couple of all the victims of his jest. The dexterous appropriator of the waxen candle, while devouring that toothsome article, baffled suspicion by the most hideous contortions, expressive of loathing and nausea.

HE HEARD IT.—Topnoody made up his mind to-day that he was not going to be bothered any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he stalked in and called out imperiously: "Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs. Topnoody." Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with a drop of sweat on the end of her nose, a disheveled head, and a rolling pin in her hand. "Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?" Topnoody staggered, but braced up. "Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to understand, madam," and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment." "Oh, you are, you're not," Mrs. Topnoody, I want you to understand that I'm—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer clear over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnoody?" Topnoody heard it, and he meekly inquired:

if there was any assistance he could render in his housework.

UTTERLY DOWNCAST.—When we hear a man puffed up with his own truly goodness express his pity for a poor wretch in a patronizing way, we think of the poor heathen who suddenly discovered that he was a worse fellow than he had suspected. The missionary read him the commandments, and to each the heathen responded: "Me guilty." When it came to "Thou shalt not kill," he quickly answered: "Me not guilty." It was a relief to him to know that there was one commandment he had not broken. "But," said the missionary, "not only does he break this commandment, who commits murder, but he also breaks it who feels it in his heart that he would like to kill another." "Me kill seventeen before breakfast!" cried the poor man, utterly cast down.

NOT TOO CURIOUS.—"I would like to know very much," remarked Mrs. Schomburg to Gilhooly, "if my brother Sam has an honest man." "I'll tell you how to find out if he is honest or not," responded Gilhooly. "Next time you go off on the train, take him along to the depot, and just before the train leaves give him a \$10 note and tell him to change it. If he comes back with the change then he is presumably honest." "But ven he don't come back?" "Then you lose your \$10," Gilhooly grumbled. "I suppose for a moment, Mister Gilhooly, did I wash completely eaten up mit curiosity?"

A CHARMING story concerning the poet Laureate comes from the Isle of Wight. A popular dancing-master there who had taught the young Tennysons, was one day crossing to the mainland in the same boat with their mother. After a little talk, during which the Professor dismally referred to the success of Mr. Tennyson's poems, this true artist merrily shook his head for a time and at last uttered his sad thought, "Ah, Madam," said he to the wondering Mrs. Tennyson, "he may be a very fine poet, but I grieve to say that anyone with an eye can see that his poetry was shamefully neglected in his youth."

ONE day Judge Dudley Marvin, who was a famous lawyer in the State for more than a quarter of a century, was accosted, by a man, who said: "I have a boy whom I want you to take and make a lawyer of." "How old is he?" said Mr. Marvin. "He's eighteen years old, stout and rugged; he's got a pair of lungs like a bellows," replied the father. "Has he any other qualifications?" "Yes, sir, he's got the one great qualification of all," said the father; "he's the confounded liar in our town. I thought when I heard you in the court-room just now that it wouldn't take very long for Sam to come pretty high up to you."

THE advent of Mrs. Malaprop brings to mind a lady of Buffalo's first society of many years ago. Gov. DeWitt Clinton was a guest at the family mansion, and this occurred at the dinner-table. The great Governor spoke of the delightful climate of the town village. "Yes," said the hostess, "we generally have fine weather except when the sun crosses the Penobscot." "Why, my dear," exclaimed her husband, the General, "you don't mean the Penobscot?" "Oh, dear, no," she exclaimed; "of course I don't mean that—I mean the Passamaquoddy."

AN ORIGINAL Teacher.—Mister Teacher: Dot boy of mine vos absent de oder day ven he staid out. He got one big cold mit his neck vat makes him much trouble all de vile. Please don't give him some punishment ven he vos late in de morning. He would got there staid in time every day, but he is not himself to blame, he is got no mother. She vos dead 10 years ago. I am this boy's parent, by his mother, before she was dead.—A Troy father to his son's teacher.

HE WASN'T THERE.—When General Sherman was at Auburn, N. Y., last week, "an old veteran" stepped up to him with a great deal of ostentation, and, grasping his hand cordially, exclaimed, in a loud enough tone to be heard a block away: "God bless you, General! God bless you! I fought with you in the Shenandoah Valley!" "That's all right, my friend," replied the General, "but I wasn't there." "The 'old veteran' said:

"You look so happy that I suppose you have been to the dentist and had that aching tooth pulled," said the General, "and a friend of mine, a soldier, said, 'It ain't that that makes me look happy. The tooth aches worse than hell, but I don't feel it.' 'How's that?' 'Well, I feel so jolly because I have just been to the dentist and he was out,' and the happy man cut a pigeon wing on the sidewalk."

"Say, there, you, Peter, you rascal; what are you smelling of that butter for?" "I wasn't smelling ob de butter, boss; I only asked him a shibol question."

"What do you say, sir?" "I simply asked him what war de news up in de country."

"And what was the reply?" "Why, boss, he said he nebber libed in de country."

Opportunity has hair in front, but is bald behind; so catch on when you can.

The metre of much of the alleged poetry that is born in blue jeans in the waste basket is fully as unreliable as the average gas meter.

A land speculator, in describing a lake in one of the Western States, says it is so clear and so deep that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China.

A field of linen with potato bugs rambling all over it, is a neat design in fancy spring shirtings which appears in a local furnishing goods store window.

A young man who didn't like the color of his hair wrote to a friend asking: "What is the best dyeing recipe?" The chemist wrote back: "Fool with an empty shot-gun."

The Columbia Spectator tells of a dandy who became suddenly rich, and was so changed by shaving off his beard and moustache that he couldn't recognize any of his old friends.

James—"I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?" Robinson—"Oh, a very simple reason, to prevent Mr. Smith from going with him."

Lady (who has been looking at callouses without finding what she wishes): "I want home-made callouses." Shopkeeper: "My gracious, Madame, Mr. Merrimack has had long ago!"

"Queen's Hair," "Stiffed Sighs," "Indiscreet Murmurs," "Vain Desires," "Heavy Eyes" and "Needless Regrets" are the singular names of some of the new colors in Paris this spring.

A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman, "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

A Memphis darkey applied for a marriage license. "What's the lady's name?" asked the clerk. "I dunno, boss. Is dar any need cesity fur you to put dat on de papers?" "Yes," "Well, I'll go and get it wrote down, and he went out muttering something about "de ol notions of white folks and free niggers."

The story is told of Sidney Smith that when he once called on a certain great personage, he was ushered into a room which had mirrors on all sides. Whoever he looked he saw himself reflected, and when he came away he said he had spent an hour in the company of about a dozen of the best looking clergymen of the Church of England.

An Illinois man was arrested and fined \$35 for disturbing a debating club. The club held the question, "Which can you hurt the most, the mind, the heart or a wife's pride?" should have been debated, and not by letting a lot of specimens of each kind of insect loose in the hall, so people could compare the two and judge.

Little Willie and his older brother were looking over their collection of Christmas cards, photographs, etc., with a view to exchanging duplicates. "Here is Charles Francis Adams," said Harry, "do you want it?" "No," answered Willie, "he was a bad man. He stole apples—my Sunday School teacher made me all about him last Sunday." "That wasn't the man," replied Harry with a look of disgust. "I don't care," replied Willie, gathering up his cards, "it is a bad family, I don't want it."

## The Household.

## HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

Be sure you have something to say, then say it in as few words and with as little circumlocution as possible; space in a newspaper is too valuable to be filled with idle words. Do not preface your letter with apologies; the editor in the effort to "skip" them may "skip" the entire article into the waste basket. Write on but one side of the paper; a letter which covers both pages must contain matter especially brilliant or profound to insure its being copied and put in form by the compositor; strange as it may appear, an editor is a busy man and has little leisure to correct the carelessness of correspondents. Do not practice phonetic spelling, the average compositor does not readily translate it into Websterian English. Write plainly; it is not a sign of genius to have your manuscript resemble a war-map of Africa, and words which are as easily translated into one thing as another, are the great cause of profanity in the composing room. The "intelligent proof-reader" is also compelled to draw so largely upon his imaginative powers that none but Yankees who are "double extra guessers" are employed upon some papers. Do not italicize every third word by underscoring it; he is a poor reader who cannot supply italics where it is needed, and for each italicized word the compositor must leave his case, cross the room and set it up from the italic case; again, an article which has a great number of words in italics has a peculiarly unpleasant appearance in print. Lastly, do not roll your manuscript into the semblance of a gun-barrel, unless you want to make every person about the office through whose hands it must pass "mad as blazes" at the refractory pages which are utterly unmanageable. A little care on these points will make your manuscript doubly welcome, and while it costs you but little extra trouble will redound to the comfort of at least a half score of newspaper people.

PATRICIA.

## EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

The New York Tribune has recently been advising single and dependent women how to earn money. Certain occupations were recommended as being both comfortably easy and moderately lucrative, and alternative to the teaching which has so long been considered as woman's only really high-toned employment. The answers to the Tribune's well meant advice have all hinged on the same points, that any trade or handicraft implies a certain degradation, that even teachers are subordinated in fashionable society, and that the men of "their set" will not marry them if they descend to the level of work. These individuals bemoan their unhappy fate, they are poor, dependent, and eating bitter bread seasoned with tears; they want to earn money, but they must retain their social standing at all hazards. Herbert Spencer says that society is based upon the principle of the most perfect freedom for men and no freedom for women. It is to be presumed that he spoke of the so called "society" which lays great stress upon etiquette, for very many women have been forced to take their "freedom" and be "a law unto themselves." It is not to be denied, however, that when a woman enters the world and attempts to earn money she loses a certain indefinable quality which we call "caste." The rules of "our best society," as laid down by "Mrs. Potiphar" and her friends, are as rigid as an Elizabethan corset, and whether its male members deal in soap or stocks, options or oleomargarine, its women must have nothing to do with money, except to spend it. The young lady whose musical attainments are the pride of her little world, the youthful artist whose "studies" are plastered more thickly with flattery than paint, must not, if she values her social status, attempt to make her talents of practical value. So long as she labors solely to increase her stock of satin slippers she retains her social status unimpaired, when her labor becomes a matter of daily bread, "twinedelium" becomes "twinedelium" at once. She may do the same work which she did before through a wish to lighten the labor of husband or father, or from a love of the work for work's sake, but when she desires a pecuniary return, society does not admire her talents so enthusiastically. She finds, too, if her work takes her into public life, where she is thrown in contact with men in business, that however she may endeavor herself in womanly dignity and reserve, however carefully she may keep within her own province, and though she may be treated with respect and kindness by all, she is still regarded as having stepped somewhat outside her "proper sphere." It is no matter that all command

her endeavor to support herself, and provide for children, parents or dependents, and admire her ambition and self-reliance, the fact remains that she misses a shade of the accustomed deference, "the bloom off the peach," "the dew-fingering from the rose petal."

Undoubtedly the Tribune's correspondents spoke truly when they complained that they cannot work and still retain their places in fashionable society. Society life and earnest work have little in common. None can serve two masters, assuredly not if one be the fickle and capricious Goddess of Fashion. But the condition which requires work and yet must have its all of fashionable frivolities, is strongly suggestive of "a patch on the knees and gloves on," a type of poverty for which pride alone is responsible, and to which little sympathy is due. A lack of satin slippers, a dearth of silken attire, the economy which compels the making over of a Worth dress, is not apt to call forth much commiseration in a work-a-day world where so many clamor for bread.

But the remaining dead weight in the domestic circle, a helpless burden upon others already overburdened, the eating of the bitter bread of dependence is, we submit, a greater disgrace to a woman than any honest employment she can find. The prime curse is robbed of half its terrors if the burden is taken up cheerfully and with pride in one's own ability to help themselves, and a friendship which cannot survive the loss of "caste" in this manner is not worthy the name. As for the other grievance, the impossibility of making what is termed a successful match, no man of intelligence and refinement will think less of a woman who is at all interesting to him because she says, in effect, "I am poor, I must work!" and in the case of a brainless fool, contempt is due from the "party of the other part." An honorable man who is sincerely attached to a woman will not hesitate to marry her if he can insure her a comfortable support, and will not consider the fact that she can help herself a detriment. It is altogether likely that a man with less brain than his walking-stick and whose gigantic intellect is exhausted in the invention of new figures for the "German," will not be anxious to marry a woman who has not government securities enough to support him, but she will be quite as successful in the role of the independent worker as that of the "Dowerless Damsel."

It is by no means follows that because a woman can earn money that she needs abate one jot or tittle of the womanly reserve and delicacy which are her greatest charm. She does, to a certain extent, lose "caste," but if she feels that what she has taken upon herself is the right thing for her to do, she can "bear up in under it" with a sang froid born of her good sense. She can say "the grapes are sour" if "the men of her set" don't come wooing her. She is not to be blamed for desiring a home of her own, but if her duty calls her to labor for herself or others, it is a shame to her to sit idly waiting and calling, "Sister Anne! Sister Anne! is he coming?" and a greater shame still to marry for the sake of being supported by another, with none of the divinity of love in her heart which alone can consecrate a union.

BEATRIX.

## FLORICULTURE VS. DYSPEPSIA.

Once upon a time this foe to human happiness got hold upon your humble correspondent. The discontented stomach refused to perform its duties, and in consequence there was an internal rebellion rivaling the Boer war in vigor. Naturally I turned to a physician for aid, wishing myself beloved of the gods that I might "die young," if the world was hereafter to be viewed through an imagination ruled by a disordered digestion. The man of pills and potions, after putting me through a catechism only equalled in length by the famous Westminster version, gave me more good advice than medicine. His imperatively forbade coffee, pies, cakes and apple dumplings, and recommended eggs, oatmeal and rare beefsteak, and clinched his argument by advising me to "take plenty of exercise every day." I thought I had him when I sarcastically inquired whether a woman who did her own housework on a farm of 150 acres would require to make a special effort to obtain sufficient exercise. With a bland smile he informed me that he referred to outdoor exercise, and suggested that I undertake a little work in the garden, even at the expense of the housework. He supplemented his advice with a few infinitesimal doses of white sugar flavored with ever so slight a suspicion of tincture of some drug or other, and I paid my dollar and departed.

Well, I don't think anyone can live shut up in the house all winter without being glad of a little spring sunshine and air as the days begin to lengthen, and a promise of summer's luxuriance grows under our eyes to its fulfillment. So I resolved to follow the prescription of the "medicine man" and to that end I sent for a Floral Guide. In looking over its pages the horticultural fever grew apace, and I wanted to buy out a whole seed-farm with greenhouse attached. But want of money is sometimes a fortunate limit to one's ambition, and I finally confined my expenditure to a single variety of seeds, choosing mixed sorts that could have been obtained had I purchased each color separately.

A convenient big brother was pressed in to service to spade up the required space, which would have been larger had he not so quickly "weariend in well doing," but which, seemingly all too small for my boundless ambition at first, still proved quite sufficient during the dog days. I marked off three beds about six feet long by four in width, and the same big brother obligingly bordered them with sod cut from a convenient road side—I may add here that I stimulated his ambition by the promise of unlimited button-hole bouquets when he "went to see his girl."—The beds looked very nice and trim thus edged, but the grass, unfortunately, seemed to enjoy the rich and mellow earth of the beds and grew rampantly, and I wore out my gloves, blistered my hands, and had I not been possessed of an angelic temper

would have ruined that too, cutting it down to respectable limits. I manufactured an impromptu cold frame in which I started the more tender seeds, and which I took solid comfort in watching the growth, and transplanting and caring for the tiny seedlings. I made hosts of mistakes, of course. I set the plants altogether too close together, but they looked so lonesome when they were small that I couldn't help letting them be neighborly. I set four Verbenas which I purchased of a florist—never could coax them to come from seed—in the space which one could have filled to my satisfaction. But they flourished—how they did flourish! Mignonette cheek by jowl with the brilliant Phlox, Calceola nodding its scarlet tassels in the face of the demure Four O'clock, Pansies among the Verbenas, and the Portulaca, double as little roses, rioting everywhere and defying heat and drought alike.

I'll admit it was hard work, "the spirit was willing," but the flesh was mighty weak a good many times. I hate earthworms, nasty squirming things, and I was forever digging them up. Mosquitoes were more numerous than items in an auction bill, and I sunburned the end of my celestial nose—unfortunately not "dripped like the petals of a flower,"—at an early stage of the proceedings. But pretty soon I began to forget all about the dyspepsia, and at the end of the summer you couldn't prove by me that I ever had a stomach. If I felt an attack of the "blue demons" coming on, I just started at that blessed garden, and the deeper cerulean of Morning Glories and Pansies banished all traces of disquiet.

What's good for one, ought to be for another. I pass the prescription along to the readers of the FARMER. I truly believe that if every farmer's wife would take time or make time to raise a few flowers, that the out-door air and exercise, the change of occupation and range of thought would cure more ills the flesh is heir to than the contents of a first class drug store could hope to do.

I may add that there's nothing mean about me, for I made up the very handsomest bouquet I could manage—and it wasn't to be sneezed at—and carried it to that doctor and owned up that his prescription worked like a charm, and he—well, he said I was a DAISY.

## "DUKE" RETURNS TO THE ORIGINAL QUESTION.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.—In compliance with your request in the FARMER of March 29th, I will try to express my views on the question before the house, viz:—"What are a Wife's Rights on the Farm?" The space that I can reasonably expect to occupy in the "Household" will not admit of my expressing myself fully; at least not with that fullness which is essential to a practical application of my view, except with those whose thoughts run in unison with mine.

To start with, I cannot separate a "Wife's Rights on the Farm" from her rights in any other locality.

Secondly, I take the question to have reference to a wife's relative rights; that is, her rights in connection with, and contiguous to her husband's; and this, only so far as her right to the enjoyment and disposal of the "surplus" is concerned, and without any regard to her legal rights as they now exist.

In order to "plant myself" firmly, I must go a little back of the question. I believe matrimony to be a Heaven born partnership, and the bond of union is the love, esteem and respect that each bears the other so long as both live; and if this love existed staunch and true in every house, there would be little need to discuss their relative rights under our present state of civilization. Unfortunately, ill-assorted marriages are the rule and not the exception; and so long as there is a man who believes his wife is in any respect inferior to himself, or that her rights are not in every respect equal to his, there will continue to be ill assorted marriages; for no man can truly, freely and faithfully love any woman whom he believes, or thinks, is his inferior morally or intellectually.

The rights of husband and wife are strictly joint, both as to all the property held between them, and all the proceeds and emoluments; and should be made so of law, excepting the reservation to the wife, of some rights in certain cases, and to balance off some natural physical inequalities of the wife, and the extra burdens that come to her in juxtaposition with them.

The wife has just as good a right to carry the keys to the cash drawer as her husband. She has just as good a right to put all the cash in her pocket as he has to put it all in his; and she has just as good a right to put her hand in his pocket, (if he has got it all), as he has to put his hand in her pocket; and she has just as good a right to know "what he has done with it," as he has to know "what she has done with it." She has just as good a right to speak in public, or write for publication, in aid of the liberty and advancement of mankind, or of her own sex, physically, mentally or morally, as any man has, or in any place, or any subject to a single dollar, which brought me about fifteen varieties of seeds, choosing mixed sorts that could have been obtained had I purchased each color separately.

A convenient big brother was pressed in to service to spade up the required space, which would have been larger had he not so quickly "weariend in well doing," but which, seemingly all too small for my boundless ambition at first, still proved quite sufficient during the dog days. I marked off three beds about six feet long by four in width, and the same big brother obligingly bordered them with sod cut from a convenient road side—I may add here that I stimulated his ambition by the promise of unlimited button-hole bouquets when he "went to see his girl."—The beds looked very nice and trim thus edged, but the grass, unfortunately, seemed to enjoy the rich and mellow earth of the beds and grew rampantly, and I wore out my gloves, blistered my hands, and had I not been possessed of an angelic temper

Unfortunately for the female sex, there are duties devolving upon wives that it is hard to despise them for, or to regulate and balance up between them and their husbands, so that they do not bear more than their share of the burdens; and these duties, which might be made much lighter by their husbands if they only would, and other duties which are forced upon them occupy so much of their time, and so wear on their patience and energies that they do not have time, or do not feel inclined to take that interest in their husband's affairs which is essential to understanding the financial situation of the farm sufficiently to enable them to use the bal-

ance on hand intelligently, where they otherwise might, provided their "Leige Lords" would permit it. And here let me add, many a wife would find their condition materially improved should she take such an interest in the business affairs of the farm as will throw herself and husband into such an interchange of thought, information and sympathies that, not only does she learn the financial situation of the farm, but, that she shall discover the dearth of love, comfort and cheer in the house.

On the other hand, many a husband thinks it unmanly to trouble his wife with the petty details and cares of business, financial embarrassments, etc., (by "business" I mean farming as well as any other business), and maintains a strict silence on these subjects; often his neighbors' wives, knowing more about his business affairs than his own, especially if he happens to be owing some of his neighbors. While he is thus considerate in keeping these cares aloof from his wife, he forgets or ignores the cares he has thrown and is throwing upon her, never dreaming of the intense longing that fills her breast for common necessities, little things for comfort or pleasure, for a little freedom, recreation and rest, which might be, in a great measure, relieved simply with the knowledge of their situation, and with the feeling that she shares with him, not only the debt to be paid, but the money to pay it with.

Laying aside all these difficulties which stand in the way of a strict understanding between man and wife of their money situations, it is an easy matter for them both to know the surplus (when there does happen to be any); and, though their rights to that surplus are equal, inasmuch as the husband has had the pleasure of bringing that surplus on hand, (and there is no greater pleasure in every day life than the accumulation of surplus, if the means used are honest and upright), the wife should have the greater part, or all, to spend as she pleases, if she chooses; and, in a majority of cases, I believe the happiness of the whole family would be better promoted with the whole surplus in her hands.

I fear I have already trespassed on your space, and will close, though I would like to write more. I would like to write an open letter to "Country Lad," twice as long as this, and what I would like still better, would be to get all the "Country Lads," "Gradgrinds," "Uncle Drains," and their sympathizers, into a crowd within the hearing of my voice for two hours. Perhaps I would, also, like to have a few congenial souls there to encourage me a little.

DUKE.

## "ERUDITE UNWOMANLINESS."

While perusing the columns of the Household my attention was attracted by the expression, "utter ignorance is better than erudite unwomanliness." Erudite unwomanliness! I fail to comprehend that! But I'm an "abnormal development," a monstrosity of the Nineteenth Century! I wish this century was afflicted (?) with a great many of these monstrosities known as "strong-minded women," strong-minded, as I understand that term. The world is wide, O, my brothers, do not condemn me; there are plenty of weak-minded women for you. There are many fair ladies who consider ignorance amusing and helplessness attractive; many who drift with the tide, caring not bravely to stem the current; many who would be content to bask in the sunlight of your smiles and listen to your flattering words. Neither do I restrict this complimentary (?) term, weak-minded, to our sex alone. Oh, no, there are many weak minded men, and it is very fortunate, I suppose, for in this case, if in no other, like attracts like. What we need is men who are wholesome and pure, brave and tender, men who learn to obey before they seek to command. Women we want of good sense, intellect and judgment; women who will not allow themselves to be ruled by the customs of society, but will courageously stem the current; who will brave the scorn of men to merit the smiles of God. True education never yet made a woman unwomanly.

When woman has something inside her head, she will care less for its outward adornment. Knowledge elevates, refines, causes us to see greater beauty and holiness in God and his works, gives us a love for the good and beautiful, and makes us pure in heart. It never induces pride or vanity. Those who have launched out on the sea of thought and secured the most precious pearls from the boundless ocean of knowledge, are those who still see before them a vast expanse, to explore which eternity alone will suffice. When I see a woman so superfluously and fashionably dressed that I can only fancy how she would appear in common attire, I cannot but think there is poverty somewhere—poverty of intellect. The mind moulds the features, "Soul is form and doth the body make." External adornment cannot become a substitute for intellect. We never mistake the peacock for the nightingale, his plumage may be more beautiful, but his harsh notes betray him. What shall we say to that woman who admits, as many do, that she cannot enjoy society if she is less fashionably dressed than any of her sisters? I say, firstly, she considers her dress of greater importance than herself, and I'm not sure but she is right. And, secondly, she has rooms to let in the upper story, one room which should never be rented, the apartment of reason. In my observations I find those who lack common sense, whose minds are weak and shallow, seek to supply the deficiency by outward adornment, but "a monkey in a golden cage is but a monkey still." (Please don't any one think I include men among this class, for who ever heard of a man who cared for dress, a silk hat, cane, or even a mustache?) Education only will divest the mind of such false opinions. The upward desires alone will save us. Brain power, measure of mind, not sex, determines the sphere of man or woman. God is not a respecter of persons, let not man presume to be. Let every woman strive to obtain education, to possess a pure heart, noble resolves and decision of character, and the world will not complain of "erudite unwomanliness."

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.



